

## [Mrs. Mary E. Jeep]

[Personal Narrative?] S. Sioux [S?] - 241 - DAK. DUP

### FORM A Circumstances of Interview

NAME OF WORKER Edna B Pearson ADDRESS 108 E 18 So Sioux

DATE November 10, 1938 SUBJECT Interview No. 19

1. Name and address of informant Mrs. Mary P. Jeep 217 W. 17, South Sioux
2. Date and time of interview November 10, 1938, 2 P M
3. Place of interview 207 W. 17, South Sioux
4. Name and address of person, if any, who put you in touch with informant no one
5. Name and address of person, if any, accompanying you  
no one
6. Description of room, house, surroundings, etc.

Mrs. Jeep lived in a beautiful brick bungalow, facing the south. It is a lovely home, nice yard beautifully tended and in a very nice neighborhood C 15 - 2/27/41 - Nebraska

### FORM B Personal History of Informant

NAME OF WORKER Edna B Pearson ADDRESS 108 E 18 South Sioux

DATE November 10, 1938 SUBJECT Interview No. 19

## Library of Congress

NAME AND ADDRESS OF INFORMANT Mrs. Mary P. Jeep, 207 W 17 So Sioux

1. Ancestry Father's name was Clements Mother's name was Morter
2. Place and date of birth Wisconsin, June 6, 1867
3. Family Five boys and two girls
4. Places lived in, with dates Wisconsin from 1867 to 1878 Lyons, Nebraska from 1878 to 1888, South Sioux City and then South Sioux City from 1888 to 1938
5. Education, with dates Fairly good education for those times
6. Occupations and accomplishments Housewife
7. Special skills and interests Interested in being a good wife and mother and home-maker
8. Community and religious activities Member of Presbyterian church and Ladies' Aid Society and Rebekah Lodge in South Sioux
9. Description of Informant Is a very lovely woman; blue eyes, greying hair; medium build; very pleasant and hospitable and willing and anxious to be of help to anyone.
10. Other points gained in interview —

I was eleven years old when we came out here from Wisconsin. Father had come back from the Civil War. My uncle, mother's brother, had come out here and bought a quarter section and had taken a homestead. He came back to Wisconsin and father wanted to come out here and sold off what they had getting ready to move. My uncle had 30 head of cattle and three teams.

We hadn't gone very far after leaving home in Wisconsin before we came to a stream that we couldn't cross; there were nine Norwegian families camped at that place; it was called

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"The Forty Mile Prairie" It was impossible to cross the stream the way it was so these Norwegian families filled it in with grass and dirt until we were able to cross it. The way we crossed that "Forty Mile Prairie" was this: there was a yoke of oxen in the crowd that would swim; then the men took a 70-foot well rope, as large around as a person's wrist and hitched it to the oxen and the wagon, then a man went across this place with a team and hitched the well rope to the horses and pulled the oxen until they came across.

At Fort Dodge the bridge was out and the flat boat was gone so we had to stay a week until they built a new flat boat.

When we got to Sioux City the boat went across the Missouri River just about where the bridge is, and we collected at the foot of Prospect Hill to come across. We stopped at Covington and our stock got into an Indian's corn field. We had two cows; we asked the Indian if he would take \$2.00 for the damage and he said he would. We had plenty of milk and asked the Indian if he wanted some; he said he did, and brought a pail to take it back home in. There was about an inch of big black ants in the bottom of the pail but he said to put the milk in the pail any way, which we did. We would get five gallons of milk night and morning on our trip and the milk was so rich that before it was used there would be lumps of butter in the milk as large as walnuts.

From Covington we went to Decatur and Lyons. We older children slept up stairs and they had a trundle bed for the little ones.

One day when father was about a mile away from the house an Indian came to the house and wanted flour, insisting that mother give it to him; when she couldn't, as she didn't have any, the Indian pulled out a knife. It scared mother and she ran out to the field and brought the boys back with her, but when she got back the Indian was gone. Later, we heard that the government sent the Indians knives and they would trade the knives for chickens and such things, and we thought that was what the Indian wanted to do, instead of threatening mother.

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We used to go to Decatur for wood, about fifteen miles. Mother and Mrs. Libbey, who, with her husband and children, came out with our folks, and who lived about a quarter of a mile from us, took a mule team and drove father and Mr. Libbey to the timber; they were going to stay a week. When the women came home it started to snow and soon was a regular blizzard; Mrs. Libbey began to cry and mother said "Don't cry now; now is no time to cry". They finally saw a dim light, which proved to be their cabin; that saved them.

The most touching thing I can remember was once when my father went to get flood-wood out of the river. After a while a neighbor came with his horses and wagon and he had father's ox team hitched behind; we thought surely something had happened to father; mother asked him what was the matter and he said father had no use for the oxen and had no feed for them and wanted him to bring them home.

We had to burn buffalo chips to cook with. There was a slough not far from our place and the weeds there would grow about ten feet high and as large around as a person's wrist. My grandfather, mother's father, would cut these weeds down and cut them in certain lengths and bind them together in bundles and then father would go after them with the wagon and bring them home. We used them for kindling. One Sunday my grandfather went out to cut weeds and we thought it was queer of him to go on Sunday. In a little while we saw smoke and rushed out to where he was. We got there just in time to save him as the fire had jumped the swamp and he hadn't noticed it. When we got him home and asked him why he went there on Sunday he said he didn't know it was Sunday.

We came out here in 1879. There were no schools around Lyons at that time but there was one family living near us and he had a lean-to built on his kitchen; he let us have school in his house; they just crowded themselves in one room and let us have school in his house. We would take big pans of soda biscuit almost a mile, to one of our neighbors, to bake them.

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We came to South Sioux City about fifty years ago. The train ran about three or four blocks west of the paving and across the combination bridge. We had a horse in one of the cars and Mr. (Louis) Jeep asked the trainmen : to put the furniture and horse and buggy off at that crossing, what is now West 17th Street, and we moved up stairs in the building that is on the northwest corner of 17th Street and Dakota Avenue; we lived up stairs and Mr. Jeep sold feed and flour, etc. down stairs. He bought the flour at Lyons and had it shipped here, and people didn't have to go to Sioux City for it. At that time Tim Monahan ran a clothing store in Sioux City.

It wasn't long after we came to South Sioux City before they started a school in one of the churches. The Boals Methodist Church was in Covington and they had school in that church. Mr. Stams, father of Mrs. J. J. Eimers, built the old Presbyterian church and the school that was torn down on the same site where the new High School was built. Later they moved the Boals Methodist church to where it is now, on what is now 20th Street.

The only way we could cross the river for several years after we came to Nebraska was by the ferry boat; later they had the pontoon bridge.

We used to sing "John Brown's Body". "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again," "As we go Marching Through Georgia."

We used to play "Fox and Geese" with a board marked off, and with red and yellow Kernels of corn.

I used to like to go to dances. We danced the cotillion, waltz, schottisch and quadrille.